
ARTHUR and EMMELINE,

Dramatic Entertainment.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

ARTHUR and EMMETT

DRUGS, FINEST, INVENT.

THE GREAT

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117
ARTHUR and EMMELINE.

A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS,

TAKEN FROM

THE MASQUE OF KING ARTHUR,

BY DRYDEN. K

And now performed at

The THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

With VARIETY of SCENES and MACHINERY.

The MUSIC by PURCEL, and Dr. ARNE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. JARVIS, NO. 283, STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Names of Dryden and Purcel have made the following Performance hitherto regarded as one the best calculated to show the Effects of Poetry, Action, and Music. Yet the want of a Plot sufficiently interesting and varied, has prevented it keeping its Rank on the Stage, as a first Piece. This it is hoped will excuse the present alteration, by which, the whole of the Story, with the most approved Parts of the Music and Mashinery are compressed into two Acts, leaving the beautiful Scenes of Emmeline almost wholly untouched.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Arthur, King of Britain,	—	Mr. KEMBLE.
Ofwald, King of Kent, a Saxon,		Mr. BRERETON.
Conon, Duke of Cornwall, Friend to Arthur,	— — — }	Mr. PACKER.
Aurelius, a British Courtier,		Mr. R. PALMER.
Guillamar, a Saxon Officer,	—	Mr. SPENCER.
Merlin, the British Prophet,	—	Mr. AICKIN.
Osmond, a Saxon Magician,		Mr. STAUNTON.

W O M E N.

Emmeline, Daughter to Conon,		Miss FARREN.
Matilda, her Attendant,	—	Miss BARNES.

DEITIES, SPIRITS, &c. &c.

Venus,	— — —	Miss PHILLIPS.
Spirit of Light,	— — —	Miss GEORGE.
Honour,	— — —	Mr. WILLIAMES.
Philidel, an airy Spirit,	—	Miss FIELD.
Grimbald, a Fiend,	—	Mr. BANNISTER.

&c. &c.

ARTHUR and EMMELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Represents a Gothic Temple, being a Place of Heathen Worship; the three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, and Freya, placed on Pedestals.*

Enter OSWALD and OSMOND.

OSWALD.

FATHER of gods and men, great Woden, hear :
Give conquest to the Saxon race, and me.

Os. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,
With sacred Runic rhymes, from death in battle;
Edge their bright swords, and blunt the Britons darts.

Grimbald, a fierce earthly spirit, arises.

No more, great Prince, for see my trusty fiend,
Who all the night has wing'd the dusky air.
What news, my Grimbald?

B

Grim.

Grim. I have play'd my part;
 For I have steel'd the fools that are to die;
 Six fools, so prodigal of life and soul,
 That, for their country, they devote their lives
 A sacrifice to mother Earth, and Woden.

Ofm. Say, where's thy fellow-servant, Philidel?
 Why comes not he?

Grim. For he's a puling sprite—but half a devil!
 Why didst thou chuse a tender airy form,
 Unequal to the mighty work of mischief?
 For when with sure success he might have sped
 His baneful errand 'gainst the Christian camp,
 He spy'd the red-cross banners of their host,
 And said he durst not add to his damnation.

Ofm. I'll punish him at leisure.
 Call in the victims to propitiate hell.

Grim. That's my kind master, I shall breakfast on 'em.
[Exit Grim.]

Ofw. Ambitious fools we are,
 And yet ambition is a godlike fault;
 Or rather, 'tis no fault in souls born great,
 Who dare extend their glory by their deeds.

*Grimbald re-enters with six Saxons in white, with swords
 in their hands, priests and singers.*

SACRIFICE SONG.

RECITATIVE I. MR. DANBY.

*Woden, first to thee,
 A milk-white steed, in battle won,
 We have sacrific'd.*

Chor. We have sacrific'd.

RECIT.

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE. 3

RECIT. II. Mr. WILLIAMES.

*Let our next oblation be
To Thor, thy thundering son,
Of such another.*

Chor. *We have sacrific'd.*

RECIT. III. Mr. DANBY.

*A third (of Friezeland breed was he)
To Woden's wife, and to Thor's mother ;
And now we have aton'd all three.
We have sacrific'd.*

Chor. *We have sacrific'd.*

CHORUS.

*Brave souls to be renown'd in story,
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring,
By expiring,
Die and reap the fruit of glory.*

[All retire, and the scene closes upon them.]

SCENE II. *A Landscape.*

Enter AURELIUS and CONON.

Con. Then this is the deciding day, to fix
Great Britain's scepter in great Arthur's hand.

Aur. Or put it in the bold invader's gripe.
Oswald is valiant——

Con. It was the character he then maintain'd,
When in my Court he sought my daughter's love ;
My fair, blind Emmeline.

4. **ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.**

Aur. For that defeat in love he rais'd this war.
For royal Arthur reign'd within her heart,
'Ere Oswald mov'd the suit.

Con. Arthur is all that's excellent in Oswald;
And void of all his faults: in battle brave,
But still serene in all the stormy war,
Like heaven above the clouds; and after fight,
As merciful and kind to vanquish'd foes,
As a forgiving God. But see, he's here,
And praise is dumb before him.

Enter King ARTHUR, reading a letter, with Attendants.

Arth. [*reading.*] "Go on, auspicious Prince, the stars
are kind.

"Unfold thy banners to the willing wind;
"While I, with airy legions, help thy arms;
"Confronting art with art, and charms with charms."
So Merlin writes; nor can we doubt th' event, [*To Con.*
With heav'n and you, our friends. Oh! noble Conon,
You taught my tender hands the trade of war:
And now again you helm your hoary head,
And under double weight of age and arms,
Assert your country's freedom and my crown.

Con. No more, my son.

Arth. Most happy in that name!

Your Emmeline, to Oswald's vows refus'd,
You made my plighted bride:
Your charming daughter, who like love, born blind,
Un-aiming hits, with surest archery,
And innocently kills.

Con. Remember, son,
You are a General; other wars require you,
For see the Saxon grofs begins to move.

Arth. By heav'n 'tis beauteous horror!
The noble Oswald has provok'd my envy.

Enter

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Enter EMMELINE, led by MATILDA.

Ha! now my beauteous Emmeline appears,
A new, but Oh! a softer flame inspires me:
E'en Rage and Vengeance slumber at her sight.

Con. Haste your farewell; I'll cheer my troops, and
wait ye. *[Exit Conon.]*

Em. O father! father! I am sure you're here;
Because I see your voice.

Arth. No, thou mistak'st thy hearing for thy sight;
He's gone, my Emmeline;
And I but stay to gaze on those fair eyes,
Which cannot view the conquest they have made.
Oh! star-light night, dark only to thy self,
But full of glory, as those lamps of heaven,
That see not, when they shine.

Em. What is this heav'n, and stars, and night, and day,
To which you thus compare my eyes and me?
I understand you, when you say you love:
For, when my father clasps my hand in his,
That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkled;
But when you grasp it, then I sigh, and pant,
And something presses to my heart.

Arth. Oh artless love! where the soul move the tongue,
And only Nature speaks what Nature thinks!
Had she but eyes!

Em. Just now you said I had.

Arth. But neither see.

Em. I'm sure they hear you then:
What can your eyes do more?

Arth. They view your beauties.

Em. Do not I see? you have a face like mine.

Arth. It is not sight, but touching with your hands.

Em. Then 'tis my hand that sees, and that's all one:
For is not seeing, touching with your eyes?

Arth. No, for I see at a distance, where I touch not.

Em.

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Em. If you can see so far, and yet not touch,
I fear you see my naked legs and feet
Quite through my clothes; pray do not see so well,

Arth. Fear not, sweet innocence;
I view the lovely features of your face;
Your lips carnation, your dark-shaded eye-brows,
Black eyes, and snow-white forehead; all the colours
That make your beauty, and produce my love.

Em. Nay, then, 'you do not love on equal terms;
I love you dearly, without all these helps:
I cannot see your lip's carnation,
Nor your shaded eye-brows, nor your milk-white eyes.

Arth. Alas! 'tis vain t' instruct your innocence.
You have no notion of light or colours

[Trumpet sounds within.

Em. Why, is not that a trumpet?

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.

And I can tell you how the sound on't looks;
It looks as if it had an angry fighting face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet ten thousand foes.

Em. How does so many men e'er come to meet?
This devil trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about for one another's faces;
And so they meet and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the field;
One kiss of your fair hand, the pledge of conquest.
And so short a farewell.

[Kisses her hand, and exit with Aurel. and attendants.

Em. My heart and vows go with him to the fight;
May every foe be that, which they call blind,

And

And none of all their swords have eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the trumpet's face ;
For that brave sound upholds my fainting heart ;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part.

[Exit led by Matilda.]

SCENE III.

A Camp, Drums, Trumpets, and military Shouts.

MARTIAL SONG, sung by Mr. WILLIAMS,

*Come if you dare, our trumpets sound ;
Come if you dare, the foes rebound :
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thund'ring
drum.*

*Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again :
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.*

Cho. Now they charge, &c.

[Exeunt drums and trumpet, a march.]

SCENE IV.

*A general Engagement between the Britons and Saxons, in
which the Britons are Conquerors.*

SCENE V. *A Rural Prospect.*

Enter Philidel.

Phil. Alas, for pity, of this bloody field !
Piteous it needs must be, when I, spirit,
Can have so soft a sense of human woes !

SCENE

8 *ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.*

SCENE VI. *Draws and discovers Merlin's Cave.*

He comes forward.

Mer. What art thou, spirit? of what name or order?
 (For I have view'd thee in my magic glass)
 Making thy moan among the midnight wolves,
 That bay the silent moon: speak, I conjure thee.
 'Tis Merlin bids thee.

Phil. An airy shape, the tend'rest of my kind,
 The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of hell;
 Half white, and shuffl'd in the crowd, I fell,
 Desirous to repent, and loth to sin:
 My name is Philidel.

Mer. Thy business here?

Phil. To shun the Saxon wizard's dire commands.
 Osmond, the awfull'st name next thine below.
 'Cause I refuse to hurl a noisom fog
 On christen'd heads, the hue-and-cry of hell
 Is rais'd against me.

Mer. Osmond shall know, a greater power protects thee:
 Now mark me, Philidel,
 I will employ thee for thy future good:
 Thou know'st, in spite of valiant Oswald's arms,
 Or Osmond's powerful spells, the field is ours—

Phil. Oh master! Grimbald is at hand,
 I snuff his earthy scent:
 The conquering Britons he misleads to rivers,
 Or dreadful downfalls of unheeded rocks;

Mer. Be that thy care,
 Warn off the bold pursuers from the chace:
 But lest fierce Grimbald's pond'rous bulk oppress
 Thy tender flitting air, I'll leave my band
 Of spirits with united strength to aid thee,

[Exeunt Merlin and Philidel into the cave.]

SCENE

SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter GRIMBALD and his followers disguised like shepherds, leading King ARTHUR, CONON, AURELIUS, and attendants.

Grim. Thus wrapt in Shepherd's weeds, I, and my fellow fiends,

The sottish Britons chuse us for their guides :
Here, this way, Britons, follow Oswald's flight.

Arth. I thank thee, shepherd ;
Expect reward, lead on, we follow thee.

[As Arthur is going off, enter Philidel and his followers.]

S O N G. Sung by Philidel.

*Hither this way, this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend :
These are false deluding lights,
Wasted far and near by sprites,
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye ;
And in bogs and marshes leave you.*

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Phil. sings. *If you step, no danger thinking,
Down you fall, a furlong sinking :
'Tis a fiend who has annoy'd ye ;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.*

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Trust not that malicious fiend.*

Grimbald's Spirits. *Trust me, I am no malicious fiend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Hither this way, &c.*

C

Grim.

10 ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Grimb. By Hell she flings them back, in my despite.
I had a voice in Heav'n, ere sulph'rous steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarseness: try it now.

S O N G.—Grimbald.

*Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye
From your prey, and from your glory.
Too far, alas! he has betray'd ye:
Follow the flames, that wave before ye:
Sometimes sev'n, and sometimes one;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.*

II.

*See, see, the footsteps plain appearing,
That way Oswald chose for flying:
Firm is the turf, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder pearly dews are lying,
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.*

Arth. 'Tis true, he says; the footsteps yet are fresh
Upon the sod, no falling dew-drops have
Disturb'd the print.

[*All are going to follow Grimbald,*

Phil. sings. Hither this way.

Chorus of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend,

Chorus of Grimb. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Philidel's Spirits. Trust not that malicious fiend.

Grimb. Spirits. Trust me, I am no malicious fiend.

Philidel's Spirits. Hither this way, &c.

[*They all ineline to Philidel.*

Grim. speaks. Curse on his voice, I must my prey forego;
Thou Philidel, shalt answer this below.

[*Grimbald sinks in a flash of fire.*

Arth.

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE. 11

Arth. At last the cheat is plain;
The cloven-footed fiend is vanish'd from us;
Good angels be our guides, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

And me. And me. And me.

Verf. 2 Voc. *And green-sward all your way shall be,*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

Verf. *No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.*

Chor. *No, no, no, &c.*

No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.

Verf. 3 Voc. *We brethren of air,*

Your heroes will bear

To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We brethren, &c.*

[Philidel, and the spirits go off singing, with King Arthur, and the rest in the middle of them.]

SCENE VIII.

A Camp, and Emmeline's Pavilion, with a bank. Moonlight.

Enter EMMELINE led by MATILDA.

Em. No news of my dear love, or of my father?

Mat. None, madam, since the gaining of the battle:

Em. If Arthur's slain,

I mean to die: but there's a greater doubt;

Since I ne'er saw him here,

How shall I meet him in another world?

Mat. Indeed I know not.

Em. I should find him,

Among a thousand Angels in the sky.

C 2

Mat.

12 ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Mat. But what a kind of man do you suppose him ?

Em. He must be made of the most precious things,
And I believe his mouth, and eyes, and cheeks,
And nose, and all his face, are made of gold.

Mat. Heav'n bless us, Madam, what a face you make
him !

Em. Yet I must know him better : of all colours,
Tell me which is the purest, and the softest.

Mat. They say 'tis black.

Em. Why then, since gold is hard, and yet is precious,
His face must all be made of soft black gold.

Mat. But, Madam——

Em. No more ; I have learn'd enough for once.

*Enter, on the other side of the Stage, OSWALD and
GUILLAMAR.*

Osw. The night has wilder'd us ; and we are fall'n
Among their formost tents.

Guil. Ha ! what are these !

They seem of more than vulgar quality.

Em. What sounds are those ? they cannot far be distant ;
Where are we now, Matilda ?

Mat. Just before your tent.

Fear not, they must be friends, and they approach.

Em. My Arthur, speak my love, are you return'd
To bless your Emmeline ?

Osw. [to Guillamar] I know that face :
'Tis the ungrateful fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my rival's love : heaven, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing now.

Mat. Fear grows upon me :
Speak what you are ; speak, or I call for help.

Osw. We are your guards.

Mat. Ah me ! we are betray'd ; 'tis Oswald's voice.

Em.

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE. 13

Em. Let them not see our voices, and then they cannot find us.

Ofw. Passions in men oppress'd are doubly strong,
I take her from King Arthur; there's revenge.
Fear nothing, ladies, you shall be safe.

[Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.]

Em. and Mat. Help! help!

Ofw. By heav'n ye injure me! tho' force is us'd,
Your honour shall be sacred.

Em. Help! help! Oh Britons! help!

Ofw. Your Britons cannot help you;
This arm, thro' all their troops, shall force my way;
Yet neither quit my honour nor my prey.

[Exeunt; the women still crying.]

[An alarm within; and a cry of Follow! follow! follow!]

SCENE IX. *Of Rocks and Water.*

Enter AURELIUS and SOLDIERS.

Aur. Furl up our colours, and unbrace our drums;
Dislodge betimes, we must give up this fatal post,
Th' imbattl'd legions of fire, air, and earth,
Are banded for our foes. But who are these?
Stand!—Conon, what's th' alarm?

Enter CONON, Captain of GUARDS, and SOLDIERS.

Con. Our victory is marr'd,
And we are outwitted by the Saxons,
My Emmeline, my daughter's stol'n!

Aur. Mischance indeed!—and here
Some more than mortal power assails our guards.
How fares it with great Arthur?

Con.

14 ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Con. As when the lover with the King is mixt,
He puts the gain of Britain in one scale,
Which weighing with the loss of Emmeline,
He thinks he's scarce a faver.
He comes, with Merlin, whose strong aid we hope.

Enter MERLIN and ARTHUR.

Mer. Wait Heav'n's time, th' attempt's too dangerous;

There's not a tree in that enchanted grove,
But's number'd out, and giv'n by tale to fiends.

Arth. Hadst thou been here, (for what can thwart thy skill?)

Nor Emmeline had been the boast of Oswald;
Nor I, forewarn'd, been wanting to her guard.

Con. Her darken'd eyes had seen the light of Heav'n;
That was thy promise too, and this the time.

Mer. Nor has my aid been absent, tho' unseen;
I have employ'd a subtle airy sprite
T' explore the passage, and prepare thy way.
Myself, mean time, will view the magic wood,
To learn whereon depends its force.

Con. But Emmeline——

Mer. Fear not: her sight ere long shall be restor'd.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impossible
To Merlin's art?) to be myself the bearer,
That with the light of Heav'n she may discern
Her lover first.

Mer. 'Tis wond'rous hazardous;
Yet I foresee th' event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye safe, and bring you back unharm'd:
Then lose not precious time, but follow me.

[*Excunt omnes, Merlin leading Arthur.*]

SCENE

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE. 15

SCENE X. *A Wood, with the Sun.*

Enter PHILIDEL.

Phil. I left all safe behind :
At every walk I pass'd, I drew a spell ;
So that if any fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There sets his foot, it roots him to the ground.
Now could I but discover Emmeline,
My task was fairly done.

GRIMBALD *rushes out : he seizes Philidel, and binds him
in a Chain.*

Grim. O rebel ! have I caught thee ?

Phil. Ah me ! what hard mishap !

Grim. What just revenge !

Thou miscreant elf, thou renegado scout !
So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in white,
The livery of our foes ; I see thee thro' :
What mak'st thou here ? Thou trim apostate, speak.

Phil. Ah ! mighty Grimbald,
Who would not fear, when seiz'd in thy strong gripe !
I'm fled from Merlin, free as air that bore me,
T'unfold to Osmond all his deep designs.

Grim. I believe nothing : oh, thou fond impostor,
But since thou say'st thy errand was to Osmond,
To Osmond shalt thou go : March, know thy driver.

Phil. [*kneeling*] O spare me, Grimbald, and I'll be thy
slave :

Tempt hermits for thee in their holy cells,
And virgins in their dreams.

Grim. Canst thou, a devil, hope to cheat a devil ?
A spy ! why that's a name abhorr'd in hell.

Haste,

16 ARTHUR AND EMMELINE,

Haste, forward, forward, or I'll goad thee on
With iron spurs.

Phil. But use me kindly then :

Pull not so hard, to hurt my airy limbs ;

I'll follow thee unforc'd : Look, there's thy way.

Grim. Ay, there's thy way indeed ; but for more
surety

I'll keep an eye behind : Not one word more,

But follow decently.

[*Grim. goes out, dragging Phil.*

Phil. So catch him, spell.

[*Aside.*

Grim. [*within.*] O help me ! help me Philidel !

Phil. Why, what's the matter ?

Grim. Oh, I am ensnar'd ;

Heav'n's birdlime wraps me round, and glues my wings,

Loose me, and I will free thee :

Do, and I'll be thy slave.

Phil. What, to a spy, a name abhorr'd in hell ?

Grim. Do not insult. Oh ! oh ! I grow to ground ;

The fiery net draws closer on my limbs. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Phil. Thou shalt not have the ease to curse in tor-
ments :

Be dumb for one half hour : so long my charm

Can keep thee silent, and there lie

Till Osmond breaks thy chain.

[*Philidel unbinds his own fetters.*

Enter to him Merlin.

Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy safety with thy
wit,

My Philidel ; go meritorious one :

Me other work requires, to view the wood,

And learn to make the dire enchantments void ;

Meantime thy fellows summon, and call forth

The

The precious drops I taught thee to compound,
And to the spirit of light his task assign;
Then may'st thou show King Arthur to his love,
Tho' short must be their interview. [Exit.

Phil. Pleas'd I obey, and haste the mystic charm,
That gives fair Emmeline to light and love.

SONG and CHORUS.

Phil. Come away,
From shades and cool fountains,
Bright spirits of day,
Who gild the high mountains.

Chorus. We come, we obey,
With delight we attend thee.

Phil. To fair Emmeline bear
Your heav'n born treasure,

Chorus. Come away, we obey!

Phil. With fair Emmeline share
Your pure light, love, and pleasure.

Chorus. Lead on, point the way,
With delight we attend thee,
Lead on, point the way,
Love to light shall befriend thee.

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT FIRST.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Landscape.**Enter PHILIDEL.*

RECITATIVE.

SPIRIT of light, attend—the charm's complete.*[Spirit of light descends.]*

Phil. Thou gentle spirit of ethereal light,
By Merlin's will the grateful task is thine,
T'unveil the beauteous eyes of Emmeline.

Spirit. Delighted, I fulfil his generous purpose.

S O N G.

Spirit. *Oh fight, the mother of desires,**What charming objects dost thou yield!**'Tis sweet when tedious night expires.**To see the rosy morning gild**The mountain tops, and paint the field!**But when sweet Emm'line comes in sight,**She makes the summer's day more bright,**And when she goes away 'tis night.**'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view;**And plains adorn'd with pearly dew.**But such cheap delights to see,**Heaven and nature**Give each creature;**They have eyes as well as we;**This is the joy, all joys above,**To see, to see,**That only she**Whose eyes can light with love.**Phil*

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE. 19

Phil. Now see where Emmeline approaches,
I leave her to thy art, and haste to guide
Impatient Arthur to her new-born sight.

[Exit.

Enter EMMELINE and MATILDA.

Mat. This way, Madam, and we are shaded.
[*Spirit approaches Emmeline, sprinkling some of the water over
her eyes out of the vial.*]

Spirit. Thus, thus I infuse
These sovereign dews.

*Fly back, ye films, that cloud her sight :
And you, ye chrystal humours bright,
Your noxious vapours purg'd away,
Recover and admit the day.
Now cast your eyes abroad, and see
All but me.*

[Exit.

Em. Ha ! What was that ? Who spoke ?

Mat. I heard the voice ; 'tis one of Osmond's fiends.

Em. Some blessed angel sure ; I feel my eyes
Unseal'd, they walk abroad, and a new world
Comes rushing on, and stands all gay before me.

Mat. Oh heav'ns ! oh joy of joy she has her sight !

Em. I am new-born ; I shall run man for pleasure.

[*Staring on Mat.*

Are women such as thou ? Such glorious creatures ?

[*Enter ARTHUR and PHILIDEL.*

Arth. [*aside*] Oh ! how I envy her, to be first seen !

Phil. Approach not yet.

Em. Stand farther ; let me take my fill of sight.

[*Looking up.*

What's that above that weakens my new eyes,
Makes me not see, by seeing ?

Mat. 'Tis the sun.

Em. The sun ! 'tis sure a God, if that be Heav'n :

Oh! if thou art a creature, best and fairest,
 How hast thou lighten'd even my very soul,
 And let in knowledge by another sense!
 Art thou not pleas'd, Matilda? Why, like me,
 Dost thou not look and wonder?

Mat. For these fights
 Are to my eyes familiar.

Em. That's my joy,
 Not to have seen before: for nature now
 Comes all at once, confounding my delight.
 But ah! what thing am I? Fain would I know;
 Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
 With all my care, and looking round about,
 I cannot view my face.

Mat. None see themselves
 But by reflection; in this glass you may.

[*Gives her a glass,*

Em. [*looking in the glass*] What's this?
 It holds a face within it: O sweet face!
 It draws the mouth, and smiles, and looks upon me;
 And talks, but yet I cannot hear it speak;
 The pretty thing is dumb.

Mat. The pretty thing
 You see within the glass, is You.

Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?
 Indeed it wears my cloaths, has hands like mine,
 And mocks what'er I do; but that I'm sure
 It cannot be, I'd swear it were my child.

[*Matilda looks,*

Look, my Matilda; we both are in the glass.
 Oh, now I know it plain; they are our names,
 That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our shadows, Madam.

Em. Mine is the prettier shadow far, than thine,
 I love it; let me kiss my t'other self. [*Kissing the glass.*

Alas!

Alas! I've kiss'd it dead; the fine thing's gone;
Indeed it kiss'd so cold as if 'twere dying.

*[Arthur comes forward softly; showing himself
behind her.]*

'Tis here again.

Oh no, this face is neither mine nor thine:
I think the glass hath borne another child.

[She turns and sees Arthur.]

Ha! What art thou, with a new kind of face,
And other cloaths, a noble creature too,
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy look;
Of a controuling eye, majestic make?

Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?

Em. Is't a man?

Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my kind,
If you have chang'd your love.

Em. My dearest Lord!

Was my soul blind; and could not that look out,
To know you, ere you spoke? Oh counterpart
Of our soft sex! Well are you made our Lords:
So bold, so great, so godlike are you form'd.
How can you love such silly things as women?

Arth. Beauty like your's commands; and man was made
But a more boisterous, and a stronger slave
To you, the best delights of human kind.

Em. But are ye mine? Is there an end of war?
Are all those trumpets dead themselves, at last,
That us'd to kill men with their thund'ring sounds?

Arth. The sum of war is undecided yet;
And many a breathing body must be cold,
Ere you are free.

Em. How came you hither then?

Arth. By Merlin's art, to snatch a short-liv'd bliss;
To feed my famish'd love upon your eyes,
One moment, and depart.

Em. Oh

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Em. Oh moment! worth
Whole ages past, and all that are to come!
Let love-sick Oswald now unpity'd mourn;
Let Osmond mutter charms to sprites in vain,
To make me love him; all shall not change my soul.

Arth. Ha! Does th' enchanter practise hell upon you?
Is he my rival too?

Em. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he spoke, thro' my shut eyes I saw him;
His voice look'd ugly, and breath'd brimstone on me:
And then I first was glad that I was blind,
Not to behold perdition.

Enter MERLIN.

Merl. My Sovereign, we have hazarded too far;
But love excuses you, and prescience me.
Make haste; for Osmond is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of revenge is hastening home.

Arth. Oh take my love with us, or leave me here.

Merl. I cannot, for she's held by charms too strong,
Which, with th' enchanted grove, must be destroy'd:
Till when, my art is vain: but fear not, Emmeline;
Th' enchanter has no power on innocence.

Em. [*to Arth.*] Farewell, since we must part:
When you are gone,
I'll look into my glass, just where you look'd,
To find your face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My heart shall make your picture for my eyes.

Arth. Where e'er I go, my soul shall stay with thee:
'Tis but my shadow that I take away:
True love is never happy but by halves;
As April sunshine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by moments, but it mourns by years.

Em.

Em. May all good Angels spread their wings,
And shield my love from harm. [*Ex. Arth. and Mer.*]
Now my Arthur's gone, the loveliest object
To my new-born sight, I'll look round and round
Upon the lesser beauties of creation.

*Enter OSMOND at the other Door, who gazes on Emmeline,
and she on him.*

Em. Ha! I'm deceiv'd; save me from this ugly thing,
This foe to fight! speak; dost thou know him?

Mat. Too well; 'tis Oswald's friend, the great ma-
gician.

Em. It cannot be a man, he's so unlike the man I
love.

Ofm. [*Aside.*] Death to my eyes, she sees!

Em. I wish I could not; but I'll close my sight,
And shut out all I can—It wo't be;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious image
Stares full into my soul; and there infects the room
My Arthur shou'd possess.

Ofm. [*Aside.*] I find too late,
That Merlin and her lover have been here.

Em. I pr'ythee, dreadful thing, tell me thy business
here;

And, if thou canst, reform that odious face;
Look not so grim upon me.

Ofm. My name is Osmond; and my business, love.

Em. Thou hast a grizly look forbidding what thou
ask'st,

If I durst tell thee so.

Ofm. My pent-house eye-brows, and my shaggy
beard,

Offend your sight, but these are manly signs:

Faint

Faint white and red abuse your expectations ;
Be woman ; know your sex, and love full pleasures.

Em. Love from a monster, fiend ?

Osm. Come, you must love ; or you must suffer love ;
No coyness, none, for I am master here.

Em. And when did Oswald give away his power ?

Osm. O'er-labour'd with the fight, oppress'd with thirst,
That Oswald, whom you mention'd, call'd for drink.
I mix'd a sleepy potion in his bowl,
Which he quaff'd greedily.

The happy dose wrought the desir'd effect ;
Then to a dungeon's depth I sent him bound ;
Now know you are my slave. No coying therefore
But make me happy.

Em. From my fight,
Thou, all thy devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Osm. You teach me well ;
I'll give you that excuse your sex desire.

[He seizes her, and she struggles]

Grim. *[within]* O master, master !

Osm. Who's that ? my Grimbald !

Enter GRIMBALD hastily.

Grim. O master ! danger threatens thee :
There's a black cloud descending from above,
Full of Heav'n's venom, bursting o'er thy head.

Osm. Malicious fiend, thou ly'st ; for I am fenc'd
By millions of thy fellows, in my grove.
I bade thee, when I freed thee from the charm,
Run scouting thro' the wood, from tree to tree,
And look if all my devils were on duty.

Grim. When did a devil fail in diligence ?
Poor mortal, thou thyself art overseen ;
I have been there, and thence I bring this news.
Thy fatal foe, great Arthur, is at hand :

Merlin

Merlin has ta'en his time, while thou wert absent,
To counterwork thy spells.

Osm. Perdition seize on Merlin!
I'll cast 'em all a-new, and instantly,
All of another mould; be thou at hand.
Their composition was, before, of horror;
Now they shall be of blandishment, and love;
On my return, proud fair,
Resolve to meet my love;
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honest force is well employ'd.

[*Exeunt Osm. and Grimb.*]

Em. Heav'n! ever present to the suppliant's aid,
Protect and pity innocence betray'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Wood, with a large Oak in the front.

Enter ARTHUR, and MERLIN on the other side,

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this spot is fenc'd with charms;
I may no more, but only with advice.

Arth. My sword shall do the rest.

Merl. Remember well, that all is but illusion.

Arth. Doubt me not.

Merl. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my Philidel
To watch thy steps, and with him leave my wand:
Farewell, and prosper. [*Exit Merlin.*]

Arth. [*walking.*] No danger yet, I see no walls of fire,
No city of the fiends, with forms obscene,
To grin from far on flaming battlements.
This is indeed the grove I should destroy;

E

But

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But where's the horror? sure the prophet err'd.
Hark! music, and the warbling notes of birds;
[Singing of birds, within.
More wonders yet; yet all delightful too.

*The Scene opens and discovers a pleasant River, shaded with
Trees, a golden Bridge over it.*

A silver current here forbids my passage,
And yet t'invite me, stands a golden bridge;
Perhaps a trap for my unwary feet,
To sink and whelm me underneath the waves.
With fire or water let him wage his war,
Or all the elements at once, I'll on.

[As he is going forward, Nymphs and Sylvens
come out from behind the Trees.

S O N G. Miss STAGELDOIR.

*How happy the lover!
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain,
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain.
For love every creature
Is form'd by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.*

Arth. And what are these fantastic fairy joys,
To love like mine? False joys, false welcomes all.
Be gone, ye sylvan trippers of the green,
Fly after night, and overtake the moon.

[Singers vanish.

This goodly tree seems queen of all the grove.
The ringlets round her trunk declare her guilty

Of

Of many midnight sabbaths revell'd here.

Her will I first attempt.

[Arthur strikes at the Tree, and cuts it; blood spouts out of it, a groan follows, then a shriek.]

Good heav'n, what monstrous prodigies are these!

Blood follows from my blow; the wounded rind
Spouts on my sword, and sanguine dyes the plain.

[He strikes again: a voice of Emmeline from behind.]

Em. [from behind.] Forbear, if thou hast pity, ah, forbear!

These groans proceed not from a senseless plant,

No spouts of blood run welling from a tree.

Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee speak thy being.

[Emmeline breaks out of the tree, showing her arm bloody.]

Em. Whom thou hast hurt, unkind and cruel, see.

Arth. 'Tis she: amazement roots me to the ground!

Em. By cruel charms, dragg'd from my peaceful bower,
Fierce Osmond clos'd me in this bleeding bark;
So that whatever sword, or sounding axe,
Shall violate this plant, must pierce my flesh,
And, when that falls I die.—

Arth. If this be true,
O never, never to be ended charm,
At least by me! Yet all may be illusion.
Break up, ye thick'ning fogs, and filmy mists,
All that bely my sight, and cheat my sense;
For reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,
And thus resolv'd—*[Lifts up his sword, as going to strike.]*

Em. Do, strike, barbarian, strike;
And strew my mangled limbs, with every stroke.
Wound me, and doubly kill me, with unkindness,
That, by thy hand I fell.

Arth. O love! O Merlin! whom should I believe?

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Em. Believe thyself, thy youth, thy love, and me;
Disarm thy hand, that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. If falling for the first created fair
Was Adam's fault, great grandfire, I forgive thee;
Eden was lost, as all thy sons would lose it.

[Going toward Emmeline, and pulling off his gauntlet.]

Enter PHILIDEL running.

Phil. Hold, poor deluded mortal, hold thy hand;
Which, if thou giv'st, is plighted to a fiend,
For proof, behold the virtue of this wand;

[Strikes Emmeline with a wand; who straight descends:]

Grimbald appears in her place.

Now see to whose embraces thou wert falling,
Behold the maiden modesty of Grimbald!

Arth. Horror seizes me,
To think what headlong ruin I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy work; a noble stroke or two
Ends all the charms, and disenchants the grove.
I'll hold thy mistress bound. *[Chains Grimbald.]*

Arth. Then here's for earnest;

*[Strikes twice or thrice, the tree sinks amidst thunder
and lightning, and the bridge breaks down.]*

'Tis finish'd, and the dusk that yet remains,
Is but the native horror of the wood.

On yon proud towers, before this day be done,
My glittering banners shall be wav'd against the setting
sun. *[Exit Arthur.]*

Phil. Come on, my surly slave; come stalk along,
And drag thy chain.

Grim. I'll champ and foam upon't, till the blue venom
Work upwards to thy hands, and loose their hold.

Phil. Know'st thou this pow'rful wand? 'tis lifted up;

A second

A second stroke wou'd send thee to the centre,
Benumb'd and dead, as far as souls can die.

Grim. I wou'd thou wou'd'st, to rid me of my sense.

S O N G. PHILIDEL.

*Iopeans fill the skies,
The monster is in chains;
Beneath my feet he lies,
Virtue triumphant reigns!*

[C H O R U S.

*Victory! Victory! Vice is in chains;
Victory! Victory! Virtue reigns.*

[*Excunt.*

S C E N E III. *A Camp.*

Enter OSMOND, as affrighted.

Ofm. Grimbald made prisoner, and my grove destroy'd!
Now what can save me—Hark the drums and trumpets!

[*Drums and trumpets within.*

Arthur is marching onward to the fort.
I have but one recourse, and that's to Oswald;
But will he fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
No, not for me, but for himself he must;
I'll urge him with the last necessity:
Better give up my mistress than my life.
And freed I'll help him with my utmost art,
And try t'unravel fate.

[*Exit Osmond.*

*Enter ARTHUR, CONON, AURELIUS, and
SOLDIERS.*

Con. Now there remains but this one labour more;
And if we have the hearts of true-born Britons,
The forcing of that castle crowns the day.

Aur.

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Aur. The works are weak; the garrison but thin,

Arth. Then, where you see them clust'ring most, in
motion,

And staggering in their ranks, there press 'em home;
For that's a coward's heap—How's this, a sally?

Enter OSWALD, GUILLAMAR, and SOLDIERS,
on the other side.

Beyond my hopes to meet 'em on the square.

Osw. Brave Britons, hold; and thou their famous chief,
[*Advancing.*

Attend what Saxon Oswald will propose.

He owns your victory; but whether owing

To valour, or to fortune, that he doubts.

If Arthur dares ascribe it to the first,

And singled from a croud, will tempt a conquest,

This Oswald offers, let our troops retire,

And hand to hand let us decide our strife:

This if refus'd, bear witness earth and heav'n,

Thou steal'st a crown and mistress undeserv'd.

Arth. I'll not usurp thy title of a robber,

Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd

This single combat, which thou did'st avoid;

So glad I am, on any terms to meet thee,

And not discourage thy repenting shame.

As once Æneas, my fam'd Ancestor,

Betwixt the Trojan and Rutilian bands,

Fought for a crown, and bright Lavinia's bed;

So will I meet thee, hand to hand oppos'd:

My auguring mind assures the same success.

[*To his men.*] Hence out of view; if I am slain or yield,

Renounce me, Britons, for a recreant knight;

And let the Saxon peacefully enjoy

His former footing in our famous isle.

To ratify these terms, I swear——

Osw.

Osw. You need not ;
Your honour is of force, without your oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yield,
Your's be the crown, and Emmeline.

Arth. That's two crowns.
No more ; we keep the looking heav'n and sun
Too long in expectation of our arms.

[both armies go off the stage.]

*[Arthur and Oswald fight. Oswald retreats. Enter Osmond
from among the trees, and with his wand strikes Arthur's
sword out of his hand, and exit. Oswald pursues Arthur.
Merlin enters, and gives Arthur his sword, and exit.
They close, and Arthur in the fall disarms Oswald.]*

Arth. Confess thyself o'ercome, and ask thy life.
Osw. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy power.
Arth. Then take it as my gift.

Osw. A wretched gift,
With loss of empire, liberty, and love.

*[A concert of trumpets within, proclaiming Arthur's victory;
while they sound, Arthur and Oswald seem to confer.]*

'Tis too much bounty to a vanquish'd foe ;
Yet not enough to make me fortunate.

Arth. Thy life, thy liberty, thy honour safe,
Lead back thy Saxons to their ancient Elb :
I wou'd restore thee fruitful Kent, the gift
Of Vortigern for Hengist's ill-bought aid,
But that my Britons brook no foreign power,
To lord it in a land, sacred to freedom,
And of its rights tenacious to the last.

Osw. Nor more than thou hast offer'd wou'd I take ;
I would refuse all Britain held in homage ;
And own no other masters but the gods.

Enter

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Enter on one side, Merlin, Emmeline, and Matilda, Conon, Aurelius, with British soldiers, bearing King Arthur's standard displayed. On the other side, Guillama and Osmond, with Saxon soldiers, dragging their colours on the ground.

[Arth. going to Emme, and embracing her.]

Arth. At length, at length, I have thee in my arms.

Em. We are so fitted for each other's hearts,
That heav'n had erred, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our loves.

Osw. Were there but this, this only fight to see,
The price of Britain should not buy my stay.

Mer. Take hence that monster of ingratitude,
And in that loathsome dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd noble Oswald.

Osm. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my kindred fiends,
And spare my Grimbald's pains to bear me to 'em.

[Is carried off.]

Mer. [to Arth.] Arthur, thou hast acquir'd immortal fame,

And of three Christian worthies, art the first :

And now at once to treat thy fight and soul,

Behold what rolling ages shall produce :

The wealth, the loves, the glories, of our isle.

Nor thou, brave Saxon Prince, *[to Oswald]* disdain our triumph :

Britons and Saxons shall be once one people ;

One common tongue, one common faith, shall bind

Our jarring bands, in a perpetual peace.

Merlin waves his wand; the scene changes, and discovers the British ocean in a storm. Æolus in a cloud above.

Enter

*Mer
Who fl*

Enter NEPTUNE.

*Ye blustering brethren of the skies,
Whose breath has ruff'd all the wat'ry plain,
Retire and let Britannia rise,
In triumph o'er the main.
Serene and calm, and void of fear,
The queen of islands must appear.
[Æolus ascends, and the four winds fly
off; Britannia rises from the sea.*

Enter VENUS and CUPID.

SONG.—Miss PHILLIPS.

*Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves;
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.
Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
Care and Envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And Despair that dies for love.
Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.
Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.*

Mer. Those who next enter are our valiant Britons,
Who shall by sea and land repel our foes,

[A march, while the British sailors and grenadiers come to the front of the stage.

F

Now

Now look above, and in Heav'n's high abyss,
Behold what fame attends those future heroes.

[*The Order of the Garter descends.*]

S O N G.—By Mr. WILLIAMES,

I.

*St. George, the patron of our isle,
A soldier, and a saint,
On that auspicious Order smile,
Which love and arms will plant.*

II.

*Our natives not alone appear
To court this martial prize;
But foreign Kings adopted here,
Their crowns at home despise.*

III.

*Our Sovereign high, in awful state,
His honours shall bestow;
And see his scepter'd subjects wait
On his commands below.*

F I N I S

